

## Rudy Pictures 'Love Nest,' Tells of Flapper Throng 'To Rent' Sign Drew

"To let!"

What a pilgrimage of feminine screen devotees it brought to 50 West 67th St. when "The Great Lover" advertised for rent the love cote at that number he had created for the lovely Natacha Rambova and himself.

And as Rudy points out, they came to see "The Sheikh's" own—bedroom.

And then he turns to the continuation of the attempt to discipline him because he asked for a dressing room in which he might place at least a lounge chair when he was not on the set.

The curt refusal and how he found rest on the cold cement floor. How he was upbraided because—

But go on with the intimate narrative as Rudolph Valentino wrote down his heart-torn emotions at the time.



# MY LIFE

Rudolph Valentino

Written exclusively for Macfadden Publications, Inc. (Copyright, 1926, The New York Evening GRAPHIC. All rights reserved.)

My bedroom!

I started something when I advertised my apartment "To Let" just before I sailed for Europe with Natacha.

"What did it look like?" wrote so many, many fans.



I suppose I must oblige. It seems that there is nothing that is sacred or private for a public player.

Sumptuous? That is for you to judge.

"Give me a word picture of the very bed you slept in!"

I read and re-read that extract from one of the letters. It sounds perfectly silly to a staid grown-up. Really, I am staid and grown-up. But about me has been woven romance with a capital R.

"Soul of Romance"

Romance is a serious business in the life of Miss Sweet Sixteen. She is sitting around waiting for the big moment when He will come along. Her own Prince Charming. And so many think I am the soul of romance and love.

All this began by my inserting in a paper a perfectly ordinary little advertisement that to me looked just like any other similar advertisement.

To begin with, our apartment was at 50 West 67th St. It was a lovely, though small, apartment, and I paid a rent of \$200 a month.

It was indeed a very cozy place with beds, chairs, 'n' everything, but no goldfish.

As soon as I had advertised the place for rent, then the fun began.

All New York called. Promptly there was a begira, a pilgrimage, to 50 West 67th St. And every one walked right in and insisted on seeing "The Sheikh's very own bedroom."

They all said that where I lived with Natacha was "a shrine—a mecca of worship."

What price fame?

I cannot see any "glamour" to what my fans insist was "my love cote."

There was no Oriental splendor in the bedroom. No bizarre trimmings such as one may imagine a "Sheik" should surround himself with.

Like Any Other Room

I always try to tell the truth. It was much like any other bedroom. Chairs and beds, and rugs and draperies, all very beautiful, to be sure, for I believe I have quite some taste, and there was Natacha's exquisite touch, but there was nothing exotic, mysterious or sheikish.

Nothing that couldn't be found any day in the home of any cul-

tured, wealthy gentleman. Just an ordinary bedroom.

"But you are wrong," Natacha comments as I read to her what I have set down. "It isn't an ordinary bedroom. Far from it! It has something that other bedrooms could never have, if they stood for a thousand years. It has a special quality all its own—it has the glamour of YOU."

What a pretty compliment especially when it comes from the one woman you love—your wife!

More mail!

And it begs for more details of my contention that Famous Players-Lasky Corporation tried "to discipline me."

Charles Eytan was formerly a promoter of prize fights and later became manager of a theater in Los Angeles, in which one of the executives of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has an interest, and subsequently became general manager of the west coast studio of that company.

Mr. Eytan is a man of very domineering manner, who believes in "bullying first" and "reasoning later," if at all.

Suggestions Turned Down

I never made a single suggestion to Mr. Eytan during the entire making of "Blood and Sand" that was received agreeably by him, no matter how trivial or how fair it might be. He would always bluster and show fight.

At the West Coast studio where the picture was made, there are two classes of dressing rooms, those for the stars, that are of comfortable size and comfortably furnished, and have convenient sanitary facilities, and those provided for the actors and actresses who have less arduous work to do, that are small, ill-furnished and have no proper accommodations otherwise.

I had been located in one of the smaller dressing rooms because I "was a late comer," and was informed by Mr. Eytan that the stars' dressing rooms were all filled, but as a matter of cold fact they were not all filled, and there were stars' dressing rooms available, although I then did not know this.

The building in which my dressing room was located did not possess a toilet. When I found it impossible to get an adequate dressing room I asked if I might have an adjoining dressing room to myself in order that I might place therein a couch on which to rest, or at least a lounging chair.

This was refused with scant



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courtesy on the ground that there were too few rooms, which was distinctly untrue. When I was not acting on the set (the stage) and was tired and much in need of rest I was compelled to ask the hospitality of some more fortunate player who had a couch, or had the alternative of putting a coat on the concrete floor of my own dressing room and using it as a pillow and lying on the stone floor until I was again called.

Tears Costume

By doing this with the skintight costume that I was wearing, and not allowed to take off while resting, several rips or tears would occur, causing a delay until they were repaired.

I was several times severely reprimanded by Mr. Eytan for this and other trivial matters that were not my fault. Among them was a reprimand for appearing with a rip in my collar caused wholly by my being compelled to lie down on the floor of my room.

Has to Dress in Auto

During the period of the taking of the scenes of the bull fight at the Lasky ranch under a scorching sun and during a windy, dusty day, I was compelled to make as many as eight changes during the day. No dressing room accommodations

were provided me at all. I requested that a small dressing room be built for me at trifling cost near where the scenes were being shot. This was refused. I was compelled to make changes in an open touring car.

After three days of this arduous work I told the manager of the company that it was shameful that I should be treated in this manner and make my changes in full view of every one.

Worked With Wild Bull

My toreador costume weighs, with its embroidery, about fifty pounds and is skin tight. For the work I was doing in working with a dangerous bull I needed every ounce of my strength and all the rest possible.

Mr. Clark, the manager of the company at that time, told me that I had no business to protest in public, and that it was against the rules of the corporation, and "against its discipline."

But there was no rule, it seemed, against my being compelled to disrobe in public.

And my second reaction—but Natacha calls and I will forego setting down my feelings on that until tomorrow.

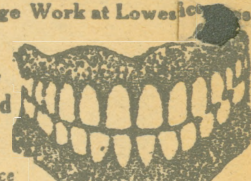
Read tomorrow's GRAPHIC, in which "The Great Lover"

tells of a chair that was provided for him that scared and burned him as though charged with electricity. Of a dressing room that was floorless. Of the indignities heaped upon him—the man who on the screen portrayed roles of romance and love, always surrounded by exotic beauty and exquisite trappings. "Rudy" withholds nothing in his "lesson of discipline." Tomorrow's GRAPHIC.

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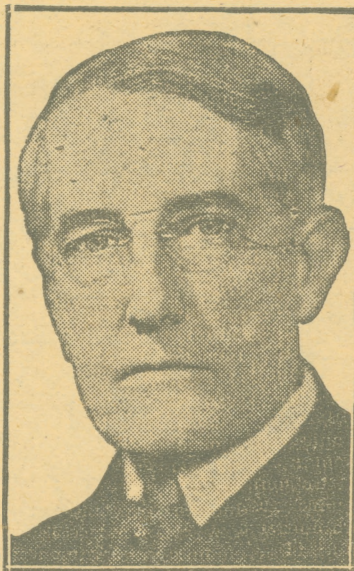
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